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NOBODADDY

Why art thou silent and invisible,  
Father of Jealousy?  
Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds—

*William Blake*





NOBODADDY

*A Play by*

ARCHIBALD

MACLEISH

*Cambridge*

DUNSTER HOUSE

MCM

XXVI



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## NOBODADDY • FOREWORD

The literary interpretation of ancient legends as expressions in metaphor of man's experience of nature is so common in our time that any other use of the material requires explanation. In the following poem I have not treated the Hebrew legend of the Garden of Eden as a metaphor. I have not assumed that the legend as a legend symbolizes the accident of human self-consciousness and the resultant human exclusion from nature, animal and inanimate. I have not taken the God of Genesis to be the mysterious universal will which man at that point in his history ceased to understand. I have not seen in Cain the beginning of the human effort to occupy a man-made, man-conscious, universe within or without the other. On the contrary, having to deal with the dramatic situation which the condition of self-consciousness in an indifferent universe seems to me to present, I have appropriated, for its dramatic values, the story of Eden, and given to such of its incidents as I have used an arbitrary significance



FOREWORD · NOBODADDY

in the interest of my poem which I am very far from believing them to bear to the anthropologist.

I think it should be added, for the reason, among others, that the emotional experiences treated in the two books are not unlike, that the present poem was written some time before *The Pot Of Earth*.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Paris, 1925

NOBODADDY · ACT ONE

*The Garden of Eden. Mid-afternoon. A patch of sunny turf rises gently toward a little grass-covered mound at the back upon which stands the tree. It is tall and its leaves are small and thick like birch leaves. The bole where it appears is smooth and perfectly round. Around the open space are crowded masses of tropical and subtropical vegetation mixed with the most northerly trees and shrubs in elaborate confusion. Climbing vines bearing flowers of great size and strong color sprawl upon the trees and the trees themselves elbow each other aside and down. Among the trunks and roots are fallen branches stained with bright fungi and between grow ferns and more flowers. The sky overhead is a hot thick blue. Adam lies on his back in the full glare of the sun as far from the tree on the right as the open space permits. He is naked and his young body is golden. He is not asleep for occasionally he moves his hands in the air above him like a child but his eyes are closed. For an appreciable period of time there is no sound, not even a rustling of leaves. Then a soft, muted trilling sifts through the air from nowhere in particular. Adam moves but does not lift his head. There is silence again, then a thin, very musical voice equally without apparent origin.*

ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

THE VOICE :

Adam !

ADAM :

I thought so !

*(He twists his body to stare up into the branches of the forest. There is no sound. Adam lets his head fall back upon the grass.)*

Now what do you want?

*(There is no reply.)*

You won't tell—will you? Will you? Well, I  
know—

About the—

*(He raises his head again and looks uneasily at the tree. Silence.)*

So. That's the third time I've heard you.  
Third? Maybe more. The first time was the night  
I swam across Euphrates and the serpent  
Followed me nudging with his horny nose  
Between the lily pads. There was a moon  
I remember and I could see my hands and legs  
Flickering in the water. I was sure  
It was the serpent. But then afterwards,  
The second time, I was alone, sitting  
At sunset on the hill where you can look  
Out to the desert and I heard it then  
Almost against my ear,—the way a fly

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

Blunders and buzzes. And now it seems to speak  
Inside my head. So that it can't be god  
Who shouts tremendous words to me from heaven  
And when he speaks shakes all the poplar leaves  
In Eden garden. And the snake does go  
Like that among the trees, sliding as smooth  
As runnels of slow water through the grass.  
It still might be the serpent.

THE VOICE :                      Adam . . . . Adam . . . .

ADAM :  
What do you want?

THE VOICE :                      Adam, why are you lying  
Naked in the hot sun? There stands a tree  
Whose leaves sift down a sleepier shadow than  
The arbors where the bees are. Lie there, Adam.

ADAM :  
No!

THE VOICE : (*softly*)  
You are not frightened, Adam?

ADAM :    No!

*(Silence. Adam swishes at the air with a grass  
blade. At length the voice begins again in a matter  
of fact tone which soon drags into mockery.)*

## ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

THE VOICE :

Adam, how long now have you lived in Eden  
Bathing at morning where the waters pool  
And spill through their four channels to the wall,  
And eating grapes and lettuces and sleeping  
All afternoon among the sunny ferns,  
Or running with the foxes whose white teeth  
Snap at the butterflies—and never going  
Nearer the tree? How long?

ADAM :

I cannot tell.  
How can I tell how many days go by?  
Down one side of the garden—up the other—  
Always the same sun ; always the same  
Sunset and sunrise ! Except that sometimes Eve  
Lets me alone and sometimes she runs after  
Until I beat her. Eve is not the same.  
But how can I tell how many ? I forget.

THE VOICE :

And shall I tell the number, Adam?

ADAM :

More  
Than all the—all the leaves upon the fig there.

THE VOICE :

More, more than they are, Adam. More, even more  
Than all the numberless leaves in Eden, Adam.



N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

And there were days before you were a man  
When you were something else and over you  
The same stars turned although                  you did not see them  
And no one counted days.

A D A M :

It has been long—

THE VOICE:

And still you do not dare so much as walk  
Under the tree?

ADAM:

There are other trees in Eden.

THE VOICE:

And as for the apples of the tree—the apples—?

ADAM:

I am not hungry.

THE VOICE:

Still you dare not, Adam.

ADAM:

Well then I dare not. Neither do I dare  
Eat the red poppy. Neither do I dare  
Suck bitter-sweet. I do not wish to die.  
Leave me alone.

THE VOICE:

Who told you you would die?

ACT ONE • NOBODADDY

ADAM :

Who? Why the gardener,— god. Who else  
could know?

He made me out of dust. He can unmake  
Flesh into dust as quickly.

*(There is a long ripple of almost inaudible laughter. Then silence. Then the Voice again, stronger and clearer.)*

THE VOICE :

Cannot, Adam.

Cannot undo what he has done, untie  
One knot of his creation, think again  
One moment he has thought. Have you not seen  
How in the morning he obeys his sun  
To come into his orchard, and how slow  
He follows his slow seasons round the wall?  
Have you not seen how sometimes he has failed  
And would go back but cannot? There are things  
Crawling beneath the stones and under earth,  
White stinging worms and venomous soft slugs,  
That were to be as lovely as the quick  
Green lizards. Have you not seen him look  
Turning a stone up in his gardening  
As though he would destroy  
the world and then  
Let down the stone as gently as he drops

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T O N E

Earth on his seedlings? Have you not watched  
him work  
 All day to keep the briars from his beds  
 And seen at dusk the flowering of the thorn?  
 Have you not seen it, Adam?

ADAM : I have seen  
His Behemoth, his monster, fall and die  
Among the reeds where Hiddekel flows out.

THE VOICE:

Ah, did you see it ! Wonderful ! What apple  
 Had god forbidden him to eat ? You fool !  
 Behemoth was his greatest and god loves  
 His greatest most. Ten thousand years he grew  
 Lifting his stupid head above the palms,  
 And then, because it rained one summer, died.  
 And when god found him he would not believe  
 The bones were Behemoth.

ADAM: But still he died.

THE VOICE:

But still he died. Yes, and the sun itself  
Will die some day—in spite of god.

A D A M :    Listen !

*(There is a sound far away like the sound of slow, enormous steps.)*

ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

THE VOICE :

He walks among his olive trees to pluck  
The spotted and sick fruit. Even among  
His olive trees he fails sometimes.

ADAM :

Be quiet.

If he should call to me—

THE VOICE :

He cannot hear us.

And if he did he would not understand  
Two words together.

*(The voice breaks off laughing softly.)*

His sense is always filled  
And ringing with the rumour of small leaves,  
And drip of water sifting through the ground,  
And stir of earth where the young seedling heaves  
Its tip to sunlight, and the swarming sound  
The wind makes in the meadow grass that weaves  
Sound over movement and runs down the green  
Flashing and singing and yet never seen.

*(The words end in a run of laughter.)*

He never listens to me. He never hears me  
Anymore than the grass hears moonlight.

ADAM :

But he can speak

And when I hear the wings of his voice beat up

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

Into the sky and circle hunting me—  
I am afraid.

T H E V O I C E :

Afraid ! Like a leaf in thunder—  
Like a poplar tree ! But you are not a tree :  
You are a man, made out of flesh and bone—  
You might be more than flesh and bone.

A D A M :

What more?

T H E V O I C E :

What more ! What is there more ?

A D A M :

What could I be?

T H E V O I C E :

A god, my Adam. Oh, not such as he  
Who gardens in this Eden vale and made  
Before he planted Eden the great earth  
And set the solemn sun to roll in heaven,  
And now in all things living pushes on  
A muddy purpose to blind burrowing ends  
He cannot see before. Not such as he  
Who made in his own image the wise ant  
That has no wisdom and the sagacious bee  
That does not know it knows. But you, my Adam,  
You might be god. You might be god in truth.  
You have that in you Adam which could build



ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

Out of this earth of his another earth,  
That should stand over this as this exceeds  
The wish he made it of.

ADAM :

I build a world !  
I cannot reach the lowest of the stars,  
I cannot even look into the sun.

THE VOICE :

But if you ate the apple, Adam, if  
You rebelled and ate the apple—

ADAM :

Should I be  
Strong enough then to stare into the light?  
Should I see farther then?

THE VOICE :

Ah, you would see—

ADAM :

What should I see?

THE VOICE :

You would see Adam—

ADAM :

Adam !

I can see Adam here upon this grass,  
That toe that moves is Adam and this hand  
Is Adam's hand that touches Adam's knee.

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T O N E

T H E V O I C E :

You would see Adam naked in the sun,  
Young Adam beautiful and naked standing  
Under the yellow sun defying god,  
Adam that was a beast, that in his brain  
Had only fear and want, defying god,  
Adam that shall be dead and through the dark  
Go down he knows not where, defying god.  
You would see more than Adam. You would see  
In Adam's eyes Eve you have never seen,  
Eve desirable, Eve with the strange breast,  
Eve to answer you with silence in the night  
When the stars march and there are no words to say.

A D A M :

If I rebel—against him—. He is kind.  
He made this garden for me and he raised  
My flesh to walk in it—

T H E V O I C E : (*suddenly intense*)

And in your skull  
Twisted the roots and fibers of a vine  
That should grow over heaven beautiful  
Along the quickening sky and intertwine  
With sun and moon and stars its clear design  
Of understanding : but forbade it room  
In all his Eden to break leaf and bloom.  
You have that in you which could build a world

ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

I tell you Adam, but he keeps it here  
Bound in the darkness of your body, curled  
Still in the seed and knotted up with fear  
To build within the rind that binds it phantoms  
Of hunger and impossible gnarled forms  
Of dread at nightfall, and unnamable dreams  
That waking you remember. Split the husk  
Adam, that buries you in earth ! Put out  
Leaves to the sunlight ! Put out leaves and climb  
Skies he has never known—and if he may  
Let him destroy you.

*(The voice breaks off abruptly. Adam lies face down on the grass. There is silence for a moment, then a rustling of leaves and Eve enters from the forest at the left dragging a flowering branch behind her. She has the body of a young girl. She is beautiful but she walks with hanging head and her tangled hair falls from her shoulders across her small breast. As Adam begins to speak she sees him and draws back, frightened, listening.)*

ADAM :

I am afraid, afraid.

I am afraid to die—to lie alone  
As Behemoth lay lonely in the reeds :  
He lay all night alone. And jackals came  
And ate his flesh at night. And in the morning  
The flies clung stinging to his flanks and beetles

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T O N E

Crawled on his lips. But Behemoth lay still.  
He did not move. He did not hear when god  
Sent out his voice through Eden naming him.  
He did not see the sun burning his eyes  
That stared stark upward. In the day you eat  
In that day shall you surely die. That day !  
I am afraid to die.

E V E :

*(She kneels on the grass a little behind Adam.)*

No, No, No. Adam,  
Not die ! You shall not die ! What are you saying ?  
Why do you lie here talking to yourself ?  
He is not here. I saw his hands among  
The pomegranates touching the round fruit  
And smoothing back the leaves. They will be ripe  
Tomorrow. O, Adam, there are little buds  
Under the apple trees like little apples  
But green and bitter. And his hands were gentle  
Parting the thick leaves. And as brown, browner  
Than earth you turn up with your oyster shells.  
His eyes were brown too, Adam. But they looked  
As though they did not see me, or as though  
They saw me very far away and small,  
Or like the stalk of something underground  
They saw inside me. And I picked a spray  
Of scarlet flowers where the cypress leans

ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

Over Euphrates. See how big they are.  
Look! Why don't you look?

ADAM: I've heard—the serpent,  
The serpent saying terrible small words  
That would not let me be.

EVE: What did he say?

ADAM: Terrible things.

EVE: But what? How terrible?  
What did he say of me? What have you done  
To make him angry with you? I bring milk  
When I remember in a cocoanut  
And leave it for him underneath the tree  
Where I have seen him sleep. And so he  
loves me,  
And once he coiled three times around my thigh  
And then around my waist and drew himself  
As cool as water upward till he lay  
Watching me with his head between my breasts.  
His eyes were like pools that after a spring rain  
Catch the low sunlight—golden. What did he say?  
Tell me—what did he say?

ADAM: I am a god!  
Eve, do you hear, a god.



N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

E V E :

A god? You? You!

You are brown Adam and your beard is soft  
As lamb's wool, and sometimes you hurt my skin  
Pinching me, and sometimes you lie as still  
Beside me as the little wood mice lie  
Beside a warm stone.

A D A M : (*The Voice seems to speak from his mouth.*)

I am a god.

I say I am a god. And I shall build  
A world above this hollow world that holds  
Under its bubble Eden that will rise  
Beyond this like a cloud and vault its skies  
Over his heaven where at night he folds  
The dark around him and the winds lie stilled.  
I shall build up a world that will enclose  
His world within it as the curving leaves  
Of lilies hold a rain drop, and I'll set  
Such stars above his stars you will forget  
There was a star in heaven till the bright sheaves  
Of mine were gathered in the field that grows  
East of the evening.

(*Adam sits motionless, his eyes staring at nothing. Eve looks at him with awe.*)

E V E :

When shall I see these stars?

ACT ONE • NOBODADDY

ADAM :

*(After a pause and speaking again in his own voice.)*

When I rebel. When I rebel and eat.

EVE :

No, Adam, No. The day we eat we die.

In that day shall you surely die—

ADAM :

The serpent

Has said I shall not die.

EVE :

And god has said

Upon the day you eat thereof—

ADAM :

But yet

He may not kill me.

EVE :

May not ! God may not—

Not kill ! Why may he not ? Have you not heard

As many times almost as there are beasts

He made in Eden how each one was made,

How easily, from dust ? May he not crumble

Dust ?

ADAM : *(He speaks at first, frightened, and haltingly. Then his words gather strength and the Voice speaks again through his mouth.)*

But he may not—I have forgotten, Eve—

There is a something—time—a something—shadows

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

That crawl around a hill—before and after—  
After upon before—he thinks like that,  
Not the way we think when we let our minds  
Fall as a pebble falls in deep water  
So that our hands before our eyes are things  
That we remember long, long, long ago,  
And things long past, the hot smell by the river  
That summer day, the wakening of birds  
That woke us then, are all about us. God  
Thinks as the sun goes and his thoughts of time  
That wash around us rippling into foam  
Over the shoulders of our dreams compel him—  
He cannot turn—

*(The Voice fails.)*

The serpent told me—      —he cannot—I forget—

E V E :

If the serpent lied—

A D A M :

The serpent did not lie. I knew his words  
Before he spoke them. It was god who lied.  
He knew that if we ate we should be gods  
Stronger than he is, and so because he feared us  
Said—what he said. The serpent did not lie.  
But—I forget—

E V E :

If we should take just one  
And taste it, only taste it. Do you see

ACT ONE • NOBODADDY

Where two grow together? He would never know  
There had been two there.

ADAM:

Listen! A leaf moved—  
Look, on the farthest branch—

EVE:

A sleepy bird  
Would shake them preening there. Are you afraid  
The birds will tell him?

*(Adam rises and goes slowly across to the tree. As he puts out his hand toward it a puff of wind ripples the leaves and the low boughs sway. He starts back.)*

ADAM:

Eve, Eve, did you see  
The bough draw back from me? There was a hand  
That moved within the green, and twisted back  
The branch I reached to—did you see it, Eve?

EVE:

I saw the wind run through the leaves the way  
The winds have blown in Eden since the first  
Wind blew.

ADAM: *(Still staring at the tree.)*

And back of it, back of it, his eyes  
Watching me when the branch was bent away—  
I saw his eyes there, Eve.

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

E V E :

He was not there.

He never comes till dusk below the pools  
Into the forest.

A D A M :

It was like his hand—

Something that pulled the branch away from me  
When I had almost eaten. Do you see,  
Eve, it is growing dusk—

E V E :

But we would hear him.

We would hear him walking over the dry leaves.  
There is still time. Break off the small fruit there  
Nearest the branch's end.

A D A M :

I am afraid.

There are black shadows gathering in the wood  
That watch me and the wind is listening—

E V E :

If you would only touch it with your hand  
It would fall down. Quick, Adam !

A D A M :

Ah, I cannot.

My fingers twist away from it. They know  
Things that the serpent hid. Look, it is pale  
As swollen mushrooms—

ACT ONE · NOBODADDY

EVE :

When you are a god  
You will not be afraid. No ! Let me go !

*(She throws off Adam's hand and passes him. The light is fading in the forest and the shadows are deepening. Above in the western sky a faint color gathers against which the curious outline of the tree is accentuated. Eve draws down the nearest branch and picks the fruit which, still holding the branch, she bites. For a moment she stands without movement, then holds out the fruit to Adam who hesitatingly takes what she offers him and puts it to his mouth.)*

EVE :

We do not die—we do not change at all—  
And Eden does not change. And I am still  
Eve—only smaller. Why do you stare at me  
As though you'd never seen me until now?  
You make me shiver with your looking eyes—  
I am not different.

ADAM :

But you are as strange  
As when the panther creeping through the moon  
From shadow into shadow all at once  
Shows black against the glare. You were my flesh,  
Eve that was taken from my side, familiar  
As my own hands. Now—Now you are still

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T O N E

Eve, but not my flesh now. You have become  
Only yourself, not mine, not anything  
But only Eve. And now I see you—Eve.  
I see you like a panther in the moon  
Suddenly clear.

EVE: But I am still your flesh.  
Feel me. I am the same.

ADAM : Ah, you are warm  
As I am warm, and supple, and as smooth  
As the leaves of palm trees. But you are not me.  
When I touch you it is not myself I touch,  
Not Adam that answers me but something else  
Under my fingers.—Ah, you must not go,  
You must not, Eve.

EVE:                   What do you want with me?  
You hurt me when you hold my arms like that.

ADAM :  
Only to touch your hands that make me feel  
My own two hands against them, and your arms  
That are more smooth than mine  
and your deep thighs  
That free my body of you, and your breasts  
That set me free—to find you. Oh, to find you—  
Eve, do not go away.

ACT ONE • NOBODADDY

EVE:

Why do you say

I am not part of you, not you—your flesh?

What can I be if I am not your flesh?

You shall not make another thing of me.

You look at me as though I were some marvel

God had created new until I feel

Your eyes against my skin and wish for leaves

To cover me.

ADAM:

You can be Eve. You are

Eve and not Adam, Adam's other self

And therefore not himself. We are not earth

Although the dust of earth is in us. Trees

Clinging against the body of the earth

And drawing up her blood into their veins

And letting fall their leaves to her can know

Nothing of what she is, but you and I

Because we are not earth can sift her flesh

Between our fingers, as my fingers feel

The bones within your wrists that are not mine

Because they are not mine, because they are

Eve. Eve! Oh, lift up your eye.. Eve, look at me.



N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T W O

*The same. Twilight. The sky is transparent with a colorless light that fades gradually. Adam sits, his back against the bole of the tree, scratching in the dust with a dry twig. Eve lies, face upward, on the grass beside him. Her laughter, delighted, derisive, like the laughter of a small child, rises, breaks off. Adam speaks, pausing from time to time to examine his work.*

A D A M :

And then—then camel—camel balancing  
His head above him on his solemn neck—  
As if it were not his.

E V E :

Poor camel walking

The way he once had seen god walk but with  
Four legs, not two, to walk on.

A D A M :

And behind him

Elephant—

E V E :

Elephant whom god had dreamed

Two nights together.

A D A M :

Elephant putting down

His four soft feet as if he were not sure

He'd find the earth beneath him.

ACT TWO · NOBODADDY

EVE :

And then lion,

Then roaring lion—

ADAM :

With a tail—

EVE :

And with

A hair tuft at the end of it.

ADAM :

And then—

What was there then?

EVE :

Then birds. Then fish. Then—

ADAM :

Ibis :

Old ibis perched upon his one pink stalk  
Letting the rain fall.

EVE :

Like the vegetables

That let the rain beat on them and the sun  
Stare in their faces.

ADAM :

Or hold out a bud

Or three white berries to him or a pod  
Of beans—

EVE :

As though he saw them.

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T W O

A D A M :

The round sun?

He cannot see. He has no eyes to see with.

But the moon—the moon can see us. I have watched

The moon's face. You are like the moon, Eve. Look.

Look at me. You have circles in your eyes,

Circles of blue that close and open. Now—

Now they are open. And now you look at me

They close again.

E V E :

And your eyes, Adam, yours

Have small bright faces in them and they nod

When I nod.

A D A M :

When you turn, your throat—

E V E :

And now

They're gone again. No, look at me. And now—

How can I see them, Adam, when you make me

Cover my eyes?

A D A M :

I do not make you. Look now!

Are you afraid to see my eyes so near?

Then do not look. Your eyelids are so smooth, Eve.

Can you not see still when your eyes are closed?

Can you not shut your eyes and see? I'll lie here

Blinding my face upon your breast and still,

ACT TWO • NOBODADDY

Still see you, see you walk, see how your heels  
Lift from the pressed grass, and the slow grass lifts  
Straightening after you. There was a time  
When I could only see with eyes, when darkness  
Closed as my eyes closed.

EVE :

And there was a time  
When you would look at me with both your eyes  
And never see me, Adam.

ADAM :

Eve, I did not.  
Yes. I know too well I did. Or if  
I saw you I would turn my head away  
Ashamed, because—I do not know—because  
You ran—the way you ran, because you wore  
Ivy leaves, flowers. But that was long ago.  
That was before—

EVE :

Before the sunset, Adam?

ADAM :

No. Before the world was. Before even  
We saw ourselves first standing face to face  
Seeing we saw.

EVE :

And that was—when, my Adam?  
Before the sun set.

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T W O

A D A M :

And between is all  
Our lives' length, Eve. Between is all of time  
That has been time to us, that was not only  
Now and still Now, still Now, the everlasting  
Now that contained us as it still contains  
The wolves, the leopards for whom days go by  
All as one day goes.

E V E :

But it is not long.  
It is not night yet. Still in the pale sky  
The day remembers something that still fades  
And lets the stars shine through. And I can think  
Back of your kisses, Adam. And my hands  
Are older than the touch of yours. They know  
Shapes I have half forgotten. They can do  
Things they have done that I have lost the names of.  
My hands remember, Adam, as the leaves  
Of trees remember the old sound of rain  
Opening. Have you forgotten? Think now.  
Think, Adam—

A D A M :

Not---forgotten. Yet I see  
As though I saw through sleep now, under sleep,  
As under water I have seen blurred shapes  
Of shadow gather and dissolve, I see  
Sleep, faces in sleep, the darkened faces,

ACT TWO • NOBODADDY

The muzzles blunted with dumb hair, the no  
Eyes—I cannot look into their eyes—  
And yet I knew them. Once, once long ago,  
Before the sun went down, before I was  
Adam—I knew them then. And they could hear me.  
And I could speak although there were no words  
To speak with then. All morning I would lie  
Lost in the grasses on some deer-grazed hill  
And hear the beetles in the earth, and birds  
Pass, and clover heavy bees, and smell  
The moist roots under me, and feel the smooth  
Pebbles that pressed against my skin, and know them,  
And know them all—as though there were not I  
That knew and they that I had known, but all  
One, one knowledge, earth and root and air  
And sunlight and the blur of wings and beasts  
Moving beside me, in me, like the dreams  
Of beast and bird that troubled in my dumb  
Sun-sluggish blood. And now, as though I woke  
And staring backward into sleep beheld  
Faces I knew there, faces I had known,  
And knew them now no longer, but the earth  
That once had opened to me and the trees,  
The grass that grew up out of me, the stones  
That touched me with their bodies, were all strange,  
All dangerous, all secret,—now I fear them.

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T W O

Now they are there without me and their eyes,  
Their blinded eyes, their eyes of earth, of stone,  
Watch me from sleep, from silence. There  
are none,

None but ourselves now, only we that wake.  
There are no others that can hear as we do  
The darkness listening, and where we see  
The sky fade into nothing, see the sky  
Fade. No others, none, not even god  
That wake with us, and we, we dare not sleep.

E V E :

If he should come now—Adam, he is kind.  
His hands among the olive trees were kind.

A D A M :

If he should come—

E V E :

He would not kill us, Adam.

A D A M :

If he should come now he would know, he'd find us:  
Here in the darkness, in the night: the night  
Knows, the darkness—

E V E :

He is kind.

A D A M :

He made  
Those masks of dumbness, unremembering eyes,





N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T W O

A D A M :

I hear his feet now. Eve, I hear  
His feet like wingstrokes of the unseen bird,  
Like throb of water falling far, far off  
When no sound follows, like the jar of stones  
Rolling in swollen rivers that our hands  
Hear. Look Eve! The trees, the trees have heard him.  
The grass hears, Eve. The whole night waits for him.  
How shall we answer, Eve?

E V E :

Only the wind  
High overhead above the boughs and in  
The treetops the small gnats that rise and fall  
And rise on shallow ripples of the air  
That fall there lapsing.

A D A M :

Wind, wind overhead,  
And here no wind blows. Here the one oak leaf  
That blots upon its broken edge the star  
Is still as stars are. Even the air sleeps  
And like a dream of wind the wind goes by  
Unfelt here. Eve, we two are two that wake  
Within sleep's country, waking dreams within  
The numbness of dark sleep, and in that land  
Behind the silence that still hides them, hear  
Murmur of sleeping lips, the soundless tread

ACT TWO · NOBODADDY

Of one that walks in sleep there, one that comes  
Close and still closer, one that walks, that stands  
Now at my side, before me—and no sound,  
No foot-fall, no least breath of wind. Silence.  
Between us waking and his mouth of sleep  
Silence. And yet he hears me. Yet he stands  
Listening—

EVE:                   Adam, lift your head and look.  
He is not there. He has forgotten us.  
Bat voices like the glint of fireflies  
Nearer and farther in the dark. The moon  
Blurs the low stars already. Come. Lie here.  
Lie here beside me, Adam.

ADAM:                   Eyes! The eyes!  
Eyes I can see that watch me, the apes' eyes  
Of stars, the staring moon now. And the eyes  
I cannot see that watch me, all their eyes,  
Their lidded eyes. And his closed eyes that see me  
Though they close—

EVE:                   Adam, why do you stand there?  
You frighten me alone against the stars.  
Come and lie down beside me. We will hide  
From the moonlight under the dry ferns. I'll close  
Your eyelids with my fingers and I'll say

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T W O

Such words so softly, Adam, you'll forget  
That there are stars. Come, Adam. Come to me.

A D A M :

Where shall we lie in Eden? The soft grass  
That bears our bodies, the weak leaves, the cold  
Leaves that touch us, they will know, they will not  
Take us and cover us. Even earth will know  
Feeling our secret weight upon her, even  
Earth torpid with sleep will know us. Where then,  
Where shall we lie? How, how shall we rest?  
How shall we rest beneath his eyes, how close  
Our ears against his silence?

Look ! the moon  
Goes upward and the huddling trees withdraw  
Their darkness from me. And no word. No sound.  
And still with sleeping eyes he watches me.

*(Adam walks through the moonlight to the edge  
of the forest. He stands facing the dark trees.  
There is no sound. Suddenly he speaks in a loud  
voice.)*

Why do you stand there silent? Here am I.  
'Here am I, I, Adam. I am here.  
O seek no more, no nearer seek for me,  
No nearer—

E V E :

He does not speak. I tell you, Adam,

ACT TWO • NOBODADDY

He is not there. He is not.

*(Adam does not turn. The stillness after the sound of his voice is unbroken.)*

ADAM :

I was afraid.

I heard your feet far off. I was afraid

And I was naked and I hid myself.

Look, in the moon's light—I am naked, bare,

Hairless, uncovered, naked. Seek no more—

No nearer—

EVE :

There is no one there, no one.

Yet the trees are still, so still that they will move

If I should turn my head away. And the stones

Motionless—

ADAM :

What must I say to you, what word?

What do you wait for me to say? Must I

Speak—into silence? Must I cry my sin

Into the dark, into the silence, under

The blank moon?—And no answer?

EVE :

No, no, Adam.

What are you saying, Adam? When I hear

Your own voice far away upon the hills

N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T W O

Shout your own words to you, and then again,  
And farther, fainter, your own words, and then  
Nothing, I know we are alone. I know  
He does not hear you : but I am afraid—  
Of nothing—of the silence—

A D A M :

Must I speak

Before you slay me?

*(There is no sound.)*

Hear then. Hear my words.

Lord, I have sinned! Hear me. I have eaten  
Of the tree whereof you said I should not eat.

*(There is no sound.)*

Will you not answer me? Can you not hear  
My voice within your silence? You that sleep,  
Will you not answer me?

*(Adam stands motionless, listening. There is no sound. Eve speaks at last almost in a whisper.)*

E V E :

Or is it we

That cannot hear—

A D A M :

I do not know. The trees  
Seem to have heard him and the earth is sealed,  
Silenced against us, and the small white moon  
Looks down as though she feared us.

ACT TWO · NOBODADDY

EVE :

Let us go.

O let us go now, Adam. There are lands  
Beyond the wall where no trees grow, no leaves,  
No living things. And we can see the sky there  
And all night hear the wind. And we can sleep.

ADAM :

I have forgotten how to find the ways  
In darkness.

EVE :

Ways—there are no ways for us.  
The dark goes with us secretly. The moon  
Follows. And he too follows. O make haste,  
Go quickly, Adam.

ADAM :

Eve, where are you, Eve—  
*(They go out. The sound of their feet dies away.)*

NOBODADDY • ACT THREE

*The desert east of Eden. A field surrounded by a low stone wall. A stunted gray tree grows at the right. At the left is a large boulder of irregular mass with an uneven top surface. Behind the walls bare ground stretches sandy and flat to barren hills. Cain, a man of about thirty-five, skin-clad and burned by the sun, is digging with a clumsy spade in the earth at the right. As he works, Eve, old and browned, with a wolf hide strapped around her middle, comes to the wall at the right, and, crossing, goes to the little tree where she sits down. Cain does not look up. After a pause Eve speaks.*

EVE :

The ground is very dry here, Cain.

CAIN :

Yes. Dry.

EVE :

There was a cloud this morning in the west  
Back of the hills.

CAIN :

I saw it.

EVE :

Over Eden.

ACT THREE • NOBODADDY

*(Cain makes no reply. Eve is silent for a time and then continues.)*

Your brother saw it when he drove his sheep  
Down to the water hole. There was no water.  
And so he drove them back where I would see them  
Hanging their dusty tongues out of their mouths.  
He said it rained—beyond there.

C A I N :

Perhaps it did.

E V E :

He asked me if there were not streams in Eden.

C A I N :

Did he? Well, let him go and look.

E V E :

He's always  
Thinking of Eden. Do you remember, Cain,  
The way he used to ask when he was little  
Each morning if we could go back that day?  
And then when he grew up he would not ask me,  
But I could feel his eyes looking as though  
I'd taken something from him—he did not know  
What I had taken.

C A I N :

Abel's not like us.

He fears the moon. And when the nights are dark  
He goes out hunting with his bare hands



N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T H R E E

Among the leopards. He is more a leopard  
Than he is like a man. You must not grieve  
For any look of Abel's.

E V E :

He is strange.

He seems to understand strange things, like trees  
And water. But he cannot speak the words  
For what he knows. Perhaps he does not know  
But only feels them someway.

C A I N : (*He looks up for the first time.*)

As you did, Eve?

Was it like that before—

E V E :

No. No. Don't ask me,

Don't ask that, Cain. I think of it, I think of it;  
All night alone I think of it. To remember!  
If I remembered! If I should fall back  
Into the pool I seem to lean above,  
Balancing, back into myself, into this,  
My body, down and down into my body—  
You cannot understand that, Cain, you cannot.

C A I N : (*Digging as he talks.*)

No, I was never anything but Cain  
Whatever Cain may be. I cannot touch  
The earth as Abel touches it. Sometimes

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

Digging my rows I find a growing root  
And pick it up and feel it : heavy—firm—  
Living. Taste it : salt—sweet. I finger it,  
I wish to mix with it, to know it, think it.  
Well, I cannot. It denies me. There it is  
Motionless, dumb, asleep at the ends of my  
fingers,

Against my tongue and it denies me. So,  
I am a man. My mind is not like Abel's  
That knows nothing and knows what I cannot guess.  
My mind is not a tree's mind. I am a man.  
I think. But not as Abel, not as a tree.  
I think about myself. I think of my thoughts.  
I think of things that I can see. Of things  
I remember. I think, what are these things I see?  
Why are they? Meaning, why to me, to Cain.  
And so they do not answer me. They cannot.  
They cannot understand. They understand  
Abel for god is in him and he thinks  
As god thinks without knowledge, and god is in  
These things I question. God is like the sap  
Running in corn and grass and trees and brambles  
That does not know itself but somehow knows  
How it must run. His thought is like the sap.  
He thinks within the trees and they grow up.  
He thinks in Abel and so Abel hunts  
At night with leopards or lies all day long

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T H R E E

As though he were a stone among the stones  
That seem to talk together—if we heard them.  
But god is not in me. He does not know me.  
Nor I know him. If I should find his thought  
It would be numb to me as roots are.

E V E :

Yes,  
His words would darken in your ears, my son,  
But you would know him. If you saw him come  
Looming against the stars at night or heard  
His voice, not far away as you have heard it  
But near and terrible, your heart would know him.  
You have not faced him, Cain.

C A I N :

I've seen his earth—  
As well as I can see it, seeing only  
With eyes and with no more. Since I could break  
The clods that Adam turned up with his spade,  
And pull at thorns I have been fighting earth  
To make her feed us. My two hands are scarred  
With digging and my feet are stained. I know  
There is no speech between us. What she gave  
You as her children she refuses now,  
Now we are not her children. We are men,  
Beggars for food—because we think as men.  
Sometimes at sunset when the shadows change

### ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

And near things seem far off and the faint light  
Is clear as though there were no sky, I stand  
Letting my hands work down into the soil,  
Letting my thought blow round me like a leaf,  
Fluttering, and I dream a sort of dream.  
I dream the earth tilts under and I turn  
Sidewise and outward, turning from the earth,  
Until I see before me—or behind—  
I cannot tell, for still my hands work down  
Into this crumbling soil—another land,  
A land as though it were myself made earth,  
Rising in hills and sweeping on, myself,  
Not this, this earth, this desert, but myself.  
I think that I have gone into that land,  
Eve, and can never come again. I think  
We all are in that land but only Abel  
For whom no ways go outward. And between  
That land and this that god has made, there is  
No speech, no word, no meaning.

EVE:

But your hands

Cling to his earth, my son. I know. I know.  
When first we came here after Adam's will  
To build new worlds in Eden broke and he  
Walked as he still walks now with frightened eyes  
Fixed on the ground, or sat beside the fire  
Staring at nothing, I had dreams like yours,

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T H R E E

Dreams that reached outward. But I have  
grown old.  
My dreams strike down into the dust. I stand  
Under the sun, between the sun and earth,  
Bounded by earth, and earth shall have my bones,  
Cain, as it shall have yours.

C A I N :

Well, let it ask  
My bones for answer. Let it have my bones.  
It gets no more from me than that, no more  
Than what he made me of, no more than dust.  
He is the god of dust; well, let him rule it.  
I am not dead things only. I am Cain.  
I do not fear him.

E V E :

He could kill you.

C A I N :

Yes,  
He could have killed me. He could kill me now.

E V E :

You have no other god.

C A I N :

I have myself.

E V E :

Yourself! You cannot bring the rain. You cannot  
Save out poor sheep that die with swollen tongues

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

Choking for water. You cannot even find  
Drink for our own dry mouths. You are a god !  
You are a mighty god !

CAIN :

The drouth is his  
But I can pity the poor beasts that die ;  
He cannot.

EVE :

Can you pity your poor flesh  
When you die too ?

CAIN :

I need not if I die.  
I do not know, Eve, if I die or not.  
I have seen ways that seemed to climb and climb  
As if they climbed forever. I do not know.  
But even if I die, even if he kill me,  
Even if my thoughts of what I am are like  
The colors that the sun makes on a sky  
Where night shall follow, still I am the god,  
Godhood is in me blossoming. Not dread,  
Not awe, not power over suns and stars,  
But godhood, godhood to be pitiful,  
Godhood to laugh,— to see my body's shadow  
Wriggling and jerking on the quiet earth  
And laugh at it and pity my own laughter  
And so be god.

NOBODADDY · ACT THREE

EVE :

You are a proud man, Cain,  
Standing half-naked on the earth that bore you  
To talk of pity. I am sick of pride !  
Adam was proud and would have been the god  
Of a new Eden. Now he never speaks  
And never lifts his head up and at night  
He clings to me among the leaves until  
Sleep hides him from himself. And you are proud,  
Prouder than Adam. You would make yourself  
More than a god of gardens. You would be  
Cain and pluck up your roots from the soft earth  
To have no life but Cain. I am afraid  
More of your pride than Adam's. You are mine—  
My son—and I am daughter of the earth,  
And earthy things are in me that at rains  
Fill me with leaf smells and the smell of water  
Spilling between dry leaves into the ground,  
And afterwards in sunlight seem to push  
And thrust and fumble through me : we are deep,  
Deeper than trees and grasses, in the earth,  
And we'll destroy ourselves if we tear out  
Our roots from her.

CAIN :

And if we grow like trees  
We will destroy ourselves. We are not trees,  
Eve, we are men. And we must live like men,

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

Serving the god within us, not the god  
In trees. I would tear out my flesh to go  
Free of his earth, that, though it covered me,  
Could never touch me, never hold me, never  
Change me to earth—

*(As Cain talks Abel comes through a gateway in the wall at the left. He is much younger than Cain and wears only a sort of breech cloth of skins. He walks gracefully like an animal with his head bent a little forward, looking out from under his brows sidewise. Over his shoulder he carries a live sheep which struggles a little in its bonds. He looks momentarily at Cain and Eve and then turns to the boulder on the left of the field laying his burden upon it.)*

EVE:

Hush, Cain!

CAIN:

He has the look

His eyes have in the night when he stares out  
Watching the dark—a sort of listening,  
A sort of silence in his eyes. Speak to him.

EVE:

Abel!

*(Abel turns his head.)*

CAIN:

They say it rains in Eden, Abel.



NOBODADDY · ACT THREE

ABEL :

Yes, in the night it rained there. I have been  
As far as where you see the sword that turns  
Though no hand turns it.

CAIN : (*Startled.*)

When !

ABEL :

I am just come.

EVE :

What did you see there, Abel?

ABEL :

Green.

CAIN :

Yes, green,  
Green leaves in Eden. But was—no one there?

ABEL :

There was a wind there. Wind ! There was a  
wind —  
It came to meet me. I was in the wind.  
It came to call to me : I came, I came—  
No, there was no one there. I called to him.  
I called his name. But he was not in Eden.  
So then I knew where he had gone, and now—  
Now I shall speak to him.

CAIN :

You must speak loud :  
The sky is farther off than Eden.

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

ABEL :

No,

He will come here to me.

CAIN :

And you will tell him

It does not rain enough.

EVE :

Why will he come?

ABEL :

Because the ram's blood dripping on the earth  
Shall call for me.

CAIN :

You will not kill the ram !

ABEL :

Why not? It is my ram. I reared it.

CAIN :

Yes,

It is yours.

ABEL :

Why shall I not?

CAIN :

The ram has done

Nothing to harm you. It is not the ram

That brings the drouth here, Abel.

ABEL :

But his blood,

Because he is my best will end it. Look !

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T H R E E

There is no mark upon him and his horns  
Are beautiful. I think god will be pleased  
To have my ram, and he will speak with me.

C A I N :

Yes, he will laugh, he will rejoice to smell  
The blood of a dead ram. He will be glad—  
I think he will, my brother, for he makes  
Hands that can spill it.

A B E L :

What will you give him, Cain?  
What will you offer to him?

C A I N :

I have beans  
Killed in the drouth he sends us. Could they  
Or shall I offer him the withered corn  
That rattles in the wind its dry dead bones?  
He has destroyed it all.

A B E L :

You do not speak  
The way your eyes look, Cain. You do not love him.  
You hate him in your eyes. But when he comes—

E V E :

What will you say to him if--when he comes?  
What will you ask him, Abel?

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

ABEL :

To go past

Beyond the sword.

EVE :

The sword that keeps the way?

ABEL :

Yes, I will ask him that.

CAIN :

To go back to Eden?

ABEL :

Yes, to go back.

*(He turns and crosses toward the stone.)*

CAIN :

You are a mad-man, Abel.

You are the son of Adam ; Do you think  
God will befriend you ? But if he should hear  
And let you go would you be happy then ?  
You would be happier if you could lie  
Crumpled again within the womb that bore you  
Than you would be in Eden. We cannot go  
Back into earth.

ABEL :

He will throw down the walls  
That rise round Eden. His hand is a strong hand.  
He raised the skies. He made the sun and moon.  
His hand scooped up the mountains. He is strong.

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T   T H R E E

If we bow down our necks beneath his hand  
Then he will harken to us.

C A I N :

If we bow  
We'll never stand upright on earth again.  
The things that serve him go on knuckle bones  
Turning their backs upon the light. Crawl, crawl,  
Crawl if you love him. On your hands and knees  
Crawl back to Eden. Bow like a beast, he'll give you  
Water enough. I'd rather die of thirst  
A man and standing as a man than drink  
The spring of Pishon on my belly. Stoop,  
Stoop and be fed. I will not.

A B E L :

He is strong.  
His wrath is terrible. When he cries out  
The leaves fall, the trees are winnowed. His eyes  
Are as the stars with anger. Fear him, Cain.  
Fear him and bow to him.

C A I N :

Not if he shook  
The earth to make me. Lie in your own fear:  
Give him your ram. Why don't you call to him  
To kill it for you? He has strength to kill.  
You cannot. See, it lifts its head to you

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

Trusting you. Only god can kill the things  
That trust him. Ah, you cannot kill it, Abel !

*(Abel picks up the knife and lifting it first toward  
the sun drives it into the throat of the ram. Cain  
screams out.)*

No ! No ! Ah, Abel, look. His blood spurts out,  
See, it is on my hands, it burns.

ABEL :

Kneel down !

*(Abel cups his hands to the blood flowing from the  
ram's throat and kneeling in front of the stone  
spills it upon the earth. Cain, close beside him,  
watches him intently. After a silence Abel begins  
to speak in a low monotonous voice.)*

Drink, earth. You were thirsty, earth. I give you  
drink.

I am the son of Adam, hear me, earth.

I am the ram's blood ; drink, O drink me, earth.

Through all your veins, throughout your secret veins

Let me be poured, O let me cry in you.

Let me flood inward where the hidden one

Waits at the root of darkness ; where the word

Is uttered darkly let my voice be heard,

Until he hears, until he speaks to me.

*(Abel bows his head to the earth, silent. Cain  
covers his face with his hands.)*

NOBODADDY · ACT THREE

C A I N :

Something I know—something I half remember  
That reaches hands to me to drag me down  
Groveling. Blood—of a ram. I do not fear it,  
I say I do not fear it. I will stand  
Although the trees fall down to him. Cry out,  
Cry louder, Abel, he is far away ;  
Cry till you split your throat. He cannot hear you.

*(Abel plunges his hands into the pooled blood of  
the ram and sprinkles it upon the groundspeaking  
again with mouth close to the withered grass. As  
he speaks low clouds gather slowly on the western  
horizon.)*

A B E L :

I am your lover, Earth. Why are you still?  
I am your lover, do you know me not?  
Have you forgotten how, on Gihon's hill,  
At mid-day on the tree-less hill, the hot  
Bare hill of Gihon, the expectant thrill  
Of fingers moving—did you answer then?  
And will not now? And will not speak again?

C A I N :

As though my body tied still to the womb  
That feeds it—that has food for me no more—  
Cried out! O Abel crying to the earth  
You are the flesh that wraps me and your fears

ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

Darken about me as an unknown something,  
Touched in the night, darkens the scared brain  
Until it drives itself beyond itself  
Free. O free ! I will go free. I will  
Break through this Abel in me and go free.

*(The western sky is now covered with rolling low clouds which mount rapidly sending ahead across the sun a thin film of haze so that the desert is filled with a strange, rayless, colorless light. Abel seeing it, rises and moves rhythmically chanting in a voice at first slow and measured but quickly increasing in intensity. Cain crouches back upon the stone watching the storm. Eve throws herself upon the ground.)*

ABEL :

Wind in the faint sky,  
Do you answer me?  
Wind and the birds cry,  
Do you speak to me?  
Wind on the desert with lagging feet,  
Oh come !  
Wind upon the wilderness with hurrying beat,  
Oh come !  
Shiver of wind in the grey dead grasses,  
Near !  
Rustle of leaves where the fresh wind passes,  
Near !



N O B O D A D D Y • A C T T H R E E

Swirl of windy shimmering slashing through the  
trees,  
And Rain,— Rain,— Rain,— He has heard,— He  
sees !

*(There is a crash of thunder. Abel throws himself upon his knees. Cain, his back pressed to the stone, lifts his face to the sky.)*

C A I N :

Howl ! Howl ! Cough out your angry fires ! Beat  
down  
The air with anger ! I will stand here still.  
I am no breed of yours. I am the man,  
Cain, and the man's son that you made to serve you.  
See how I serve you ! See how I bow my head—

*(The thunder answers. There is a rush of wind.  
As the sound thins the voice of Abel like the voice  
of a man talking in sleep.)*

T H E V O I C E O F A B E L :

The word of god within the thunder saying  
Because I heard the prayer of my servant, Abel,  
Because I had respect unto his prayer,  
Are you thus wroth, are you thus cast down, Cain?  
If you do well shall it not be accepted?  
But if you do not well it is a sin  
Crouches before your door and unto you  
Is its desire—

## ACT THREE · NOBODADDY

C A I N :

Abel did well to kill

A ram that trusted him smearing its blood  
Over his hands. And I, I did not well  
To give you nothing when you'd taken all.  
I do not know your well and your not well.  
I do not know your justice. Let me go.  
Keep your bowed Abel to make sacrifice  
And pray to you but only let me go.  
There is a way beyond this to that land  
That I have seen sometimes as from a hill  
Climbing into the light, another light,  
Another air, an air that I could breathe—  
Oh, let me go. Oh, sever this thick vein  
That knots me to the body of the earth,  
That cannot feed me now, and let me go.

A B E L : (*He crawls to Cain's side.*)

Kneel Cain ! Bow down your head !

Kneel down ! Kneel down !

Can you not see within the flickering dark  
And through the running shadows of the rain  
Tremendous wings drive onward or beneath  
The stumbling clouds the rush of furious  
Unearthly horse ? Bow down your head to him  
Before he kills us with his thunder. Kneel !  
Cry out to him for mercy ! He is god,  
He is the maker of the earth ; Bow down !

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CAIN: (*Starting to his feet.*)

Take off your hands from me. Because you fear  
Must I fear too? Because you are a thing  
Of earth and water must I likewise be  
Water and earth? You are that root of me  
That ties itself far down in the old slime  
From which he took us. But I will not have  
Roots in the earth. I am a man to walk—  
Take off your hands from me.

*(Abel clings to Cain's legs, dragging him down.  
Cain's hand upon the altar closes about the sacrificial knife. Raising it he strikes violently at  
Abel who falls forward on the earth.)*

EVE:

What have you done?

Cain, you have killed him. Abel, O my son,  
Will you not say my name—not once—not once—  
Not even dying? Have you no need of me?  
There was a name you called me long ago  
Before you learned to hate the name of Eve.  
I have not changed—these are the breasts you sucked.  
These are her arms—O Abel look at me,  
Turn back your eyes and look at me. Not now!  
Not ever now. Cain, Cain, what have you done.  
Look! You have killed him, killed him. Do you hear?  
This is your brother, Cain, this dead thing. No!  
No! Look at it! Look down at it! The rain

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Mixes his blood with blood of the dead beast—  
Do you not hear?

CAIN :

He does not strike at me.

He does not kill me. Am I grown so small  
Your lashing fires cannot destroy me now?  
See, I stand facing you. I do not hide.  
I do not turn my face. I am the man,  
Cain—who would never bow his head to you,  
Cain, who has cut through flesh

and bone that made

One body with your flesh and now is free,  
And now cries out against you and will cry  
So long as he has breath.

No word. No sound.

Only the thunder farther off that dulls  
Dumbed into silence. Is there no one there—  
Behind the low clouds nothing—

I have killed

Your priest. I have profaned your sacrifice.  
I stand against you cursing you. Lift up,  
Lift up your hand and slay me.

Dripping rain,

Low, dragging, empty clouds, ravelling mist  
Concealing nothing. Have I struck against  
Nothing—the wind? Yet I will find him.

God !

N O B O D A D D Y · A C T T H R E E

Where are you, god? Where are you, god?

Speak to me—

*(Cain runs out blindly through the drizzling rain  
and is lost in the darkness. Eve bows her head  
over the body of Abel.)*

T H E E N D

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